

I slept: As one bends to waters
 A harp, so gave voice to my pain
 The angel in ward; - Wherefore troublest?
 Thy boy's state, is't not all gain?
 Yea! all my breath is thanksgiving,
 This heart lives in song for the grace;
 (Yet, at moments, a pang, sure not envy?
 Comes with the light on his face!

To mine Angel-state 'twere easy
 To win fullest thought of the Lord;
 Faith to us, the torn wapt of storms; there -
 Believe they on me, 'His Word!

Say, then! then simple, how search they
 The mysteries of things unseen?
 By what wit-cann they know to, trust Him
 Whose Name scarce lips they, sweep?

Say, Brothers, thy heart-best answers:
 Is there any in all the wide land
 So utterly trusts thee & watches,
 So keepeth him in their hand,

As the babe who not yet calls thee
 Nor knows any name for his joy?
 Thus, serene in the hand of the King,
 The simple soul of my boy!

I

I sat by my sleeping Babe,
 At the feet: sat low, of my Boy,
 Much proud, 'mid the high-born air he wore,
 As quative claims on joy.

Sure not of his father or me
 Was he made thus free of the earth; -
 Were we at large! - but the house confine, -
 Knows he a loftier birth?

'Great is the mystery', ye -
 How little, O Babe, art thou mine!

A halo surrounds & divides thee,
 Living Words about thee shine!

All faith & wisdom, knowledge, mine -
 My little one, how can it be?
 When singest thou those perfect praises -
 The Father, O where dost see?

Thy Guardian waiteth ever
 On the face of our God for light: -
 O little Son, how high thy estate!
 Thy Mother, alas, her plight!

Dissidence

As they are varied-guides whom not have met -
 Misadventures themselves, thy Mother's eyes may yet
 Show thy feet: Daughter, places is cohen.

Alas, sweet the Mother's walk, but perilous!
 And flowers do cheer the progress hazardous,
 X Tho' heedless pilgrims chance in bitter rue!

But thou, my daughter, meekly glad, hast taken
 A man from the Lord: thy joy hath wholesome pain

Of dissidence, - thy welfare's pledge. For now,
 Danger avoids, assurance keeps, in fear.

Then spread thy soul for Heaven, as April earth,
 Waiting the fall of corn; nor in vain -

Who hath so graced thee to a blessed birth
 Will not His wisdom's waterings restrain!

~~The~~ 'Greatest in the Kingdom.'

Weigh his estate & mine: accustomed, he,

To all sweet-courtesy usage that obtains

Where dwells the King. Now with thine eternal pains

Canst thou produce what shall I call worthy to?

One, 'greatest in the kingdom' is with thee,

Whom being yet discerns the Father's face.

And, these replenish it, flows with constant

Take fearful heed lest he despise us!

Arden then jumps softly, as before

A Prince; no let me out, unmanfully.

as they read moods irritable: more,

Bewar lest round him wind words rattle

Rejoice then: see Thy speech be sweet & true:

Any ways, consider'd; & mine aspect, fair.

Innocence hath no problem

In him who thinks his soul a fortress, fed
From without at his will; & where he is
Alone with himself, inviolable: as he,
Has helped, nor let, doth make or mar himself,
So is he innocent; unmade, unmarred,
The habit of false thinking or misdeed
Hath galled to his shape. But the poor man -
The hurried soul - who has no innermost -
But when he comes, lo, Sin is sitting there!
Who hates, yet inclines, & desperate,
Cleaveth to Grace to save him from the Thing.
Do it himself? - that daunts him; nor hath where
To abide, but when of tears & crying brought
Into the place of peace where is the Thing,
He, thinking to remain doth let him out
To dwell at ease, all sudden finds himself
In outer darkness, under other rule;
Then, pained, winneth yet again to where
He was before, but not to abide - a door
That moves & moves yet wins no step - ah, he
Poor Man, looks on the face of little things
With awful wonder, as on a mystery.
The deepest & most gracious God doth keep!

Offences.

Our thoughts are for him; his dear weal the end
Our cares pursue: wherein shall love offend?
Offenceless. love, that Duty doth intend.

Recal, when court of law convinced did rise
For baby-trepass to thy startled sight;
Now, shamed, thou as transgressor sunk his eyes,
Knowing, beyond thy knowledge, of the right,
And weak meagre thy cheatingment. Keep him now
Under the law as then, that, as he grows,
'Ours followeth deed in course,' the rule he knows
His times to interpret. And law-compelled as thou,
Thou drop com heedless trespass in his way
That, stumbled over, his weak knees shall fail.
Offence shall come! but - not thou betray
His soul to him. Yet - no, without the pale
Of love's sweet use no banishment accord
For any sake - else thou malignant thy lord!